

The Republican.

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PROSECUTIONS FOR BLASPHEMY!

WHEN I began a narrative on this subject, a few weeks ago, I fully expected, that I should have had to record the arrests and trials of one hundred persons by this time; and was as much disappointed at the mode of cessation, as at the mode of commencing this last batch of prosecutions. It is another triumph—another proof that ignorance cannot combat active and resolute knowledge. The members of the administration of Government, or of whatever sect or party that encourages these prosecutions, are in duty bound to do one of two things: to prosecute all who sell anti-Christian publications, or to liberate all imprisoned for selling them. To keep a number of men in prison for having sold, while the works are still in open, rapid, and unmolested sale, is a burlesque upon every principle of law and justice, a matter of sheer malice and littleness of mind, on the part of the saints and spiritualists. If they gain a point on one side, by supposing, that a shew of persecution deters some few from selling, and others from purchasing, such publications, they lose ten times the amount of influence by the performance of such villainy, by exhibiting themselves in such ridiculous characters, and by causing a periodical public excitement upon the matter, with an apparent defeat at each time.

No arrests have taken place since that of Thomas Riley Perry, who has shewn himself to be the last of as fine a sample of men as the friends of free discussion could have wished to have seen prosecuted. Little Jef, the Recorder, has done them immortal honour, by imprisoning them in the ratio of the ability displayed.

We have had a little company of men waiting at 84, Fleet Street for new arrests; but have been compelled to disband them, to a mutual regret; but with an assurance, that they will be forthcoming, whenever the enemy is heard of again.

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in a hostile humour. In another series of arrests, we will endeavour to treat little Jef to half a dozen women as objects calculated to agitate a greater quantity of his spleen. We will put forth all the *Mrs. Wrights* that we can find for him. So preserve your spleen, little Jef.

Michael John O'Connor has been sentenced to six months imprisonment in the Compter; but it is presumed that there is a right understanding between him and his fraternity. Little Jef is made to blame him for not disclosing who were behind the curtain at 84, Fleet Street, as there was evidently an association for the support of that shop. There is an association, and a very strong one; for it is a proof of the purity and importance of the principles we advocate, when I say, that my business has been managed by a succession of strangers, many of whom I have never seen ever since the imprisonment of my sister. Doubtless, O'Connor told all that he knew; but it happened that he never was behind the curtain; and, by something like instinct, no one would employ him, or acknowledge him as employed. If Little Jef be curious, I will employ him for a week, at twenty Shillings wages, and allow him to see the drift and management of the whole concern. I will not offer him more than a week's employ, as I should be fearful about his honesty, after such an association as he has long held with all the thieves of London.

The names of the men now in Newgate, for having passed through my shop, and every way worthy of public support and encouragement are:—

WILLIAM CAMPION . . .	36 months imprisonment.
JOHN CLARKE	36 Do.
WILLIAM HALEY	36 Do.
THOMAS RILEY PERRY	36 Do.
RICHARD HASSELL . . .	24 Do.
THOMAS JEFFERIES . .	18 Do.
WILLIAM COCHRANE . .	6 Do.
JOHN CHRISTOPHER . .	6 Do.

These men truly constitute a little Honourable House of Blasphemers; but they are blasphemers of the moral sort; they never blaspheme any thing that is good. They are not like their neighbours in office, the City Aldermen: in fact, the City was never so honoured with such an honour-

able assembly before, if we except the good men who were once established in the Compter on the same ground.

The Aldermen are jealous of their neighbours, and doing them all the injury possible, by slanders, by insulting all their visitors, and by denying them the means of procuring proper food. Undressed food is not allowed; and dressed food must be mangled, in being cut to pieces by some filthy men or women employed for that purpose, before the prisoners can get it! No visitors admitted without *lying like a Christian*, by saying that they are relatives. Then, the most respectable of females must submit to be stripped, by two of the most disrespectful; and after all, to talk through a double row of iron gratings four feet apart! The management of Newgate is a disgrace to the City of London; and worse than it ever was at any former period. Much of this is owing to the supercilious conduct of the new Gaoler, Wontner. When I was in Newgate, a few days in 1819, I was treated, by Mr. Brown with the greatest possible kindness, and every friend who applied was freely admitted to see me. And why should not this be the case with those who are now confined on the same ground? Nothing can be worse than the present treatment. The prisoners have bad food allowed them in but a scanty portion, and every obstacle is opposed to their purchasing better. A Gaol Committee has lately met to hear the complaints of these brave men; but nothing was done to improve their condition, beyond allowing them a bedstead for their mat, and the use of boxes. Aldermen Waithman and Wood could see no impropriety in restricting them as to the means of obtaining food—no impropriety in excluding all friends who are not relatives, (and it is but rare that relatives are friends)—no impropriety in subjecting those relatives (if females) to the insults of being searched by two ill-mannered women, even to the stripping of stays. I can tell these Aldermen, Waithman and Wood, that brighter men than themselves would have visited these prisoners in Newgate, if they could have done it freely, and as at other places. It is abominable, that these men, who call themselves Reformers of the practices of others, should take upon themselves to sanction such proceedings against men every way, as to worth, their equals, and worth a deal more as useful and active, and real Reformers, and men confined upon such grounds too. Let them be at liberty to purchase what food they please, and to see all persons who may wish to see them. Any thing short of this is acting in union with

the Recorder, who has sentenced them to years of imprisonment in spite of all law and all decency.

In conjunction with these London prosecutions, an attempt was made to carry on the same game in Edinburgh; but the laws or rather the practices of the courts, which constitute law there, leave a man no chance of defending himself, without a certainty of being transported as a felon. Mr. James Affleck was libelled, as the Scotch Lawyers call it, for having sold some blasphemous books; and, on acknowledging the sale of such books, it was received as a plea of Guilty, to the charge libelled. He was let off with three months imprisonment, by saying nothing to offend the Judges: and much as I should condemn this course in England, I think it the wisest course for Scotland, as our prosecutions in London affect them on the score of utility, as well as any other part of the island. When a man is sent to New Holland, he cannot be heard. But from any English Gaol, he can be heard as well as from any English house. In point of property, the Messrs. Afflecks have made a considerable sacrifice, and would as willingly do so in person, if they were situated as we are situated in England.

The shamefully treated Joseph Swan has passed the gate of Chester Castle, after filling out his sentence of four years and a half imprisonment, in mind as honestly stubborn as ever. He has visited me in Dorchester Gaol, and on returning home to Stockport, will endeavour to carry on a little manufactory for himself as a hatter. Any friend disposed to throw in a mite to assist him in that object will be so good as to do it with all possible speed. A hundred pounds would set him a going handsomely, thirty of which it is understood were collected before he left the Gaol.

RICHARD CARLILE.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

SCENE—*Newgate.* TIME—*The Night between the 14th and 15th of June, 1824.*

JEHOVAH, JUPITER, AND JONATHAN HARDY.

Jeh. Oh, my dearly beloved Jonathan! do decide in my favour against this grave-looking Gentlemen with the thunderbolt. He is determined not to be satisfied with the decision recorded by my trusty servant Prudentius. [Hark ye, Jonathan, I've a wonderfully fine Paradise. Indeed I've three, according to that Eagle of the Divines, St. Thomas Aquinas. Moreover, St. Justinus saith, that men and women will rise again with the organs of generation. There will be fine doings I assure thee. Only, dear Jonathan, thou wilt decide in my favour.]

Jon. May it please your Godships, I should be glad to know why ye come and awake me. I will have nothing at all to do with you. And thou of all the Gods, Yabouh, thou should'st be the last to refer to my arbitration. Hast thou not just shut me up here for denying thy supremacy? Dost thou not prevent me from seeing, even thro' the bars, all friends who are not relations? Of a truth the Yabouhanites treat us poor Physitheists worse than they do hogs; they do not even give us straw to sleep upon. And then there are these Cock-roaches—

Jeh. But, dearest Jonathan, it was not *I* put thee here, it was Mr. Maule, the Secretary of the Treasury.

Jon. Be that as it may, I must naturally be prejudiced against thee, and therefore I will not be Umpire.

Jup. Mortal, it is precisely on account of thy impartiality that I have consented to refer our dispute to thee. So now listen. Thou art to know, that this barbarous triple-personaged monster, this cherub-riding Signor of a little tribe of bloodthirsty Arabs, hath managed, I cannot tell how, to turn me and my club out of all our handsome temples; so that, never having tasted a single sacrifice for centuries, we are, I assure thee, in an absolute state of starvation, and, if it were not for the Poets, should be altogether annihilated.

Jeh. Weep then, as at the death of thy son Sarpedon; I was not known to shed a single tear when my son died. But thou seeest, dearly beloved Jonathan, how superior I am to

this half-naked piece of antiquity. When first I began to lay about me, I soon thrashed him and all his associates. Thanks to the prophecies of David and the Sybill, mankind was soon convinced that I only am supreme.

Jup. Force made thy right, thou indescribable upstart! Look, Jonathan! didst thou ever see such a monster? My triple-formed Diana, and my triple-headed Cerberus were beauties compared to him. See how he turneth his back parts towards thee!—

Jeh. It is thus that I honoured my trusty and well-beloved servant Moses. No man shall see my face and live.

Jup. Thou liest, monster. Moses spake to thee face to face. Jacob undoubtedly saw thy face, and so probably did the parents of Sampson.

Jon. May it please your Godships—If ye use not more civil expressions to one another, ye must turn out forthwith, and go about your business.

Jeh. Thou sayest well, most upright Judge. Now observe. This Son of Saturn only ruled in Greece and Italy; whereas I, who had no father, and consequently inherited nothing, rule at present over almost the whole of Europe, and in various other parts of the world. I count among my subjects Ezra, Clemens, Origenes, Eusebius, Maimonides, Galileo, Newton, Locke, and a variety of other great men. The Jewish High Priesthood, the Popery of Rome, and the Archbishoprick of Canterbury, have been offices of far greater consideration than that of Pontifex Maximus ever was. Never will Mr. Cloud-compelling Œgis-bearing recover his authority. It is true, those blasphemous wretches the Poets prefer the coterie of Parnassus to that of Mount Sinai, and imagine that singing Psalms in heaven is dull work, compared with rational amusements and philosophical conversations in Elysium. They dare to imagine that the Odes of Horace are superior to those of David; and that Orpheus and Homer have greater pretensions to inspiration than Amos and Habukkuk. Some of my rebels pretend to reason me into annihilation; others dock off two of my three persons; and one half of my subjects maintain, that my infinity is not every where separately present, in every wafer over which a priest hath muttered gibberish. But I've singed them well. Vanini, Savonarola, Servetus, and Wightman formed most delicious burnt-offerings, of which the savoury odour ascended up into my nostrils.

Jon. Recollect Signor, to whom thou speakest. Boast not of thy murders to me; I abhor them. By abusing thy

power thou hast shown thyself unworthy of it. I hate all tyrants, whether Gods, Kings, or Devils. Hark! there's William Campion sleepeth not over sound on his wooden pillow.

Jeh. Ah that wretch Campion! how I should like to broil him à la Servéte with green faggots!

Jon. If I awake the brave feliow, he will kick thy Godship out of the grating much faster than thou camest in.

Jup. Thou seeest, mortal, what a bloody God this Yahouh is!—He will go on wallowing in blood as long as men permit him to exist. It is useless to mention his slaughter of the Canaanites, of their very babes and sucklings—his Inquisition—his Star-Chamber—his St. Barthélemi—his massacre in Ireland, &c. &c.; but only recollect that he intendeth to broil alive for ever and ever all the human race, except the very few beings, whom he hath arbitrarily selected!—*He opposeth faith to reason—I boast in protecting Poets and Philosophers.*

Jeh. Not quite so quick, Cretan-born. Who burnt the Pythagoricians in their school? Who banished Protagoras? Who executed Socrates? Who persecuted Aristoteles? Who martyred the early Christians?

Jup. I own indeed, and am ashamed to say, that my worshippers did sometimes interfere with the sentiments of individuals, but it was very rarely.—As to thy Christicoles, when they threw down my statues, and performed other disorderly pranks, I did indeed punish them according to the law of the land; but thy own subject Origenes hath born witness, that I made few martyrs for thee.—In general thy subjects have been most egregious liars—I should never have done relating the infamous calumnies, called “pious frauds,” which they libellously edited to bring me and my club into contempt. A hundred years after that Apostate and wicked monster Fl. Valerius Constantinus, my subjects were obliged to renounce all allegiance to me under pain of death. Had I served the Christicoles, as the Christicoles have served me, I should have nipped their puny sect in the bud; but I tolerated the mysteries of Christ, as I tolerated those of Bacchus and Serapis, and then—here is Christian gratitude! Remark, Jonathan, that it was under my reign that the Grecians flourished, the most noble of nations. Whom can Yahouh compare to Solon, Aristides, Phocion, and Epicurus? It is to *my* subjects, that those of Yahouh are indebted, for all that formeth their taste and that constituteth

the basis of their Mataphysics. It was by the art of the Platonists, that this Yahouh was split into three persons; and if the Christicoles had not amalgamated with the visionary sectaries of the Athesian Philosopher, the Legend of Christ would barely have rivalled that of Adonis or Atys. Next observe the Romans my second family! Were Camillus, Cicero, Epictetus, and the Antonini inferior to any of the worshippers of Yahouh? My Empire indeed was never so widely extended as my Rival's is at present: but *I* ruled by custom, by reason, and by tolerance; while *he* hath never tolerated other Gods, hath always dumbfounded reason, and wisheth to prevail over the custom of foreigners. Moreover, for a good thousand years he was pent up in a miserable little stony country, where he was constantly subject to his Rivals, and where his slaves were always rebelling against him. Thinkest thou, Signor Don Tsour-Shedi-Adooni-Yahouh-Aleim, that thou shouldest be compared to the great IVPITER OPTIMVS MAXIMVS? Was thy little fortress-like temple at Hershalaïm to be compared to mine at Olympia?

Jeh. Thou hadst nothing that could be compared to Saint Peter's at Rome.

Jup. If the Temple is Saint Peter's, it is clearly not thine. Moreover it is *my* statue which is there adored as the image of the Saint.

Jeh. At any rate I excel thee in painting; and almost as much incense is still burnt in my honour as formerly was in thine. But if thou comest to riches and sacrifices, recollect the glorious days of great king Shelmeh—

(Jup. Alias Solomon, alias Soleimân.)

Jeh. Why he had more gold and silver than would pay the whole Parliamentary debt of these Englishmen.

Jup. Yea, more gold and silver than there is in the whole world. Thou sayest well, Oh Yahouh.

Jeh. Shelmeh gave me as a sacrifice of peace-offerings 22,000 oxen, and 120,000 sheep.

Jup. A peace-offering? Why a field of battle would have been nothing to it. 142,000 carcasses!!! Admirable oh Yahouh! When thou liest, lie vastly. A meagre lie is not worth swallowing.

Jeh. Nevertheless it is perfectly true, for thou wilt find it in the 3rd of Kings and the 1st of Paralipomena.

Jon. I'm tired of hearing all this trash. Don't talk to me about thy Kings and thy Paralipomena. I only wish the

Kings *were* ΠΑΡΑΛΕΙΠΟΜΕΝΑ, for we should be much better without them.

Jup. I am glad to see thou art a Republican, Jonathan, my best subjects were Republicans. But I was going to say, Master Tsour-Shedi, that I confess my priests never lied so boldly as thine. Doubtless Esculapius and Serapis worked thousands of miracles; but I did not send four Grub Street Writers to draw up a pretended official account of this "Good News," and the wonderful victories obtained over the enemy, and all the contradictory nonsense about crucifying, &c. &c. Thou knowest, Yahouh, as well as I do, that a miracle is nothing more or less than a physical impossibility.

Jon. What is the use of your Godship's mutually disclosing one another's nakedness? Ye had better make up a common purse with Juggernaut, the Grand Lama, and the Vice Society, or ye will be rooted out like the heads of the Hydra. Richard Carlile is a devil of a Hercules.

Jeh. I hate Richard Carlile.

Jup. I suppose he is a sort of Theodorus or Diagoras—isn't he?

Jeh. I don't know who they were; but this fellow is a Moralist, and Moralism spreadeth like wild-fire.

Jup. Verily then, Brother God, we had better look about us. Only, dear Monster, don't persecute the Moralists. Persecution always recoileth on the Persecutors.

Jon. True! that is the reason why the Protestants and all other Dissenters flourish, who, by the bye, Signor Yahouh, have pared thy nails pretty closely. Now shake hands with Jupiter, and make it up.

Jeh. See him d——d first, an uncircumcised dog! It is for this, that the Pope, and the Cardinals, the Grand Inquisitor and the Archbishop of Toledo, and the Cameronians, and the Cranmerians, and the Ranters, and the Dunkers, and the Jumpers, and the Shakers, and the new connection Methodists, and the old connection, have been working, tooth and nail, to patch up my small-cloths, and shall I at last be obliged to share them, with this fate-obeying, goat-suckled Adulterer?

Jup. Nay, do not talk of adultery, Signor Tsour-Shedi-Adooni. It is not nineteen centuries ago, since, as thou ownest, thou hadst an amour with a Carpenter's Wife in Galilea. Had I been Joseph, and caught thee overshadowing my spouse, I would have stoned thee to death, according to thine own law. But I'm surprised at the lowness of

thy taste. I always chose Princesses. Thou art however but a dirty soul of a God.—Who ordered his Soothsayer to bake bread with human fœces? Who inspired the account of Abolah and Aholibah? Who was worshipped in the infamous mysteries of the Gnostics? Who consecrated the incestuous Pope Alexander the VI. and the Cynœdical Bishop of Clogher. If I were one of those featherless, self-killing bipeds called men, I would sooner adore the Phallus. As it is, thy Christicoles worship the Dove, and the Cross or the Thau Phallisé, i. e. the emblems of the male and female Principles. They worship the Triangle too, which is the emblem of the passive organ of generation.

Jeh. Thou liest, Thunderbolter, the Triangle is an emblem of my three persons.

Jon. Order! Gentlemen, order!

Jeh. I'll tell the what, Jonathan! This fellow Youpiter hath heretofore changed himself into a Bull, a Ram, a Swan, and even into a shower of gold.

Jup. Better be changed into a shower of gold to gain access to a Lady, than into a hundred thousand bits of bread to be swallowed alive by one's worshippers. I'd sooner be a cannibal and eat my enemy, than a Christicole and eat my God. But don't talk about transmogrifications. I am ignorant indeed what thy shape was, when thou wert shut up in the little box of shittim-wood; but doubtless thou wert a man, when thou didst wrestle with Jacob, and couldst only overcome him by foul play. Oh! if my Olympic games are ever re-established, (as I hope they soon will be) I'll give thee a pretty throw! But art thou aware, Jonathan, that Master Triple-personaged was once a Barber?

Jeh. A Barber?

Jup. Aye, a Barber! and one of the lowest sort too. For unless Esaias lied (which however is not unlikely considering he was a prophet) thou didst first of all hire a Razor (what a stingy God! as if thou couldst not have bought one!) and thou didst not only shave some fellow's beard, but also other of his hairs which modesty forbiddeth me to mention.

Jeh. I'll tell thee what, Jonathan. This fellow Youpiter conspired against his poor daddy and enchained him, in order to get possession of his kingdom.

Jup. And this fellow Yahouh, thro' the medium of those blood-thirsty fanatics the Jews, whipped and killed his only son; and *that* merely to appease his own ill humour.

Jon. Ohe! jam satis est. I am tired to death with this trash. Its quite useless to detail all the absurdities and ob-

scenities of your Yahouhonism and Youpiterianism. My children will never read such improper books, as the nursery stories of Ezra and Paul, on the Metamorphoses of Ovidius Naso. With regard to your Godships, I think ye are both equally contemptible; or if there be a difference, the persecutions I have received from one of you oblige a man of honour like myself, to forbear deciding. I regret Yahouh's intolerance. It is a species of madness that requirieth bleeding and blistering. Low diet will be very useful: but while priests continue to fatten him up with whole dish-fulls of flattery and palaver, I am afraid he will continue very unwell. But let me recommend your Godships to shear off as quick as possible, for Mr. Hassell is manifestly awaking.

Jeh. What! Richard Hassell! Is he here? a wretch! why he would flead us alive! A cherub! a cherub! my Godhead for a cherub!—

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

MOST NOBLE OF NATURE,

Halifax, June 27, 1824.

PERMIT me to present you with this small sum of £3., being the amount of a subscription made by your friends, in this town, as a token of the high value we set on your truly benevolent and philanthropic services, in accomplishing that most illustrious work, the redemption of mankind from despotism and delusion. You have done more for the emancipation of mankind than all who ever went before you. You have attacked the enemy in his strongest holds: we know you can atchieve any thing but impossibilities: you have defeated your enemies at every point: victory is your own!

Is there any thing so monstrous as persecution for matters of opinion; and in the name of religion, to deprive an individual man of the exercise of his mental faculties? A man might as well be prosecuted for being in existence. Your oppressors have abandoned the hope of coping with you by fair and reasonable argument: they cannot even conquer you by injustice, nor by prosecution; you have given them lessons enough of that sort; you have not been intimidated by their punishments: you have nobly and truly fought the good fight, with your noble warriors, and it is our duty not to forget you, nor them.

Can any length of establishment make despotism legal? Is not liberty an undeniable right that belongs to all mankind? To pre-

vent its free exercise shocks every principle of morality and humanity. Such abominable proceedings draw down the indignation of every reflecting mind. The power of habit has made thousands insensible to the torture they suffer. Most of the lower orders of thinking people are compelled to show a sad complacency under the insolence of tyranny. Men have hitherto been disqualified to study their own happiness. The gloomy dogmas of superstition have in a very great measure chained down the mind and made us more than obedient tame spaniels. We have paid homage peaceably to a double-dealing set of marauders for ages. They have been instilling their cajolery and sophistry into the ears of their inoffensive and well disposed victims, and have had great success against the spread of knowledge. They have rendered life in millions a miserable burthen, sinking them in despondency as their chains became heavier and heavier. From what they have done we may infer what they would do. But you, Sir, have broken the charm! you have dispelled the mist! you have shewn us the whole crew of jugglers in their clear colours. Nothing can equal their servile designs. Look at the thousands of tracts that are yearly disposed of in this small vicarage by the Methodists alone! The cheat, is so clear, that it must fill with disgust any, who for one moment reflect on their cunning. Every step the vermin take is a movement against our vital interests.

Those holy worthies know well how the thing is to be done; so they do all they can to work the tractable people into a delusion and an apathy. They know well that if these things cannot be settled that way, they must be settled in the Manchester way, or they are lost. We have had trying sessions of this sort in plenty, and to instruct and be instructed is our duty. We shall thus profit by our experience.

The motive of our enemies is to keep up a legitimate deity. The result for the deluded will be rags and wretchedness, insult upon insult, and constantly getting accused of being disloyal. To be on a good footing with the church and king heroes, we must all be very quiet with little loaves. Truth ought not to fear any thing from error; but we must think little and say less; if we do not, a cry of blasphemy will be raised against us.

Religious tract-makers, tract-deliverers, and the priests, are necessary to each other, and cannot exist asunder. The soul-saver and his tracts, work wonders on the minds of the slaves to passive obedience and non-resistance. By the terrors of hell they manage to purchase their large estates, build their magnificent mansions, and load their tables with all the luxuries that money can purchase. But what have the unfortunate, half-naked, nearly-starved-to-death slaves? Children from six to seven years old are torn out of bed by five o'clock in a morning, and work hard

all day, with scarcely subsistence enough to keep themselves alive. Such has been, and such is the case.

Look at John Mainwaring's case. For being a few moments after the ringing of the bell, he was summoned before the worthy and unpaid magistrates, not allowed to plead for himself, nor have a counsel, whilst his employer had a long private conversation with the mayor, and the magistrate. The consequence was, that John was ironed, dragged through the streets, sent to Wakefield tread-mill, there to live on bread and water; at the expiration of fourteen days, stript naked, his hands tied up with such severity, that it made the blood come from his wrists, and flogged with such cruelty, that he will carry the marks to his grave. The Lord help poor John, they have made him humble enough to eat straw quietly.

When any of those poor creatures happens to be unfortunate enough to get the displeasure of their employers, or even of the superintendents, the consequence is persecution through this life, and the devil and everlasting burning in the life to come! Those old superannuated creatures, worn out by making their tyrants rich and powerful, are recommended to the workhouse. There they meet with flint-hearted overseers, churchwardens, and governors. I believe that numbers of the feeble prefer to die by the road side of hunger, rather than face the turnkey of an inquisition. Look at Maria Sleddin! She actually died for want in one of our most populous and flourishing towns in Yorkshire.

Englishmen may behold this, and boast of the glory of their much envied constitution, and of the genuine British liberty!

I remain, yours truly,

J. GREEN.

J. G., an Advocate for		J. Gledhill	0 6
Free Discussion	5 0	Isaac Gledhill	0 3
J. Holdsworth, a Friend		A Well Wisher to the	
to the cause of Liberty	1 0	Freedom of the Press	0 6
A Friend to Free Dis-		No Todsmite, but a	
cussion, by B. B.	1 0	Lover of the Fair Sex,	
A Friend, do. do.	1 0	and no Sodomite	1 0
B. B, who does not love		One who would not like	
a spirit of intolerance	1 0	to be member of the F.	
B. do.	1 0	Society, T. Preacher	0 6
Samuel Shaw, a Friend		D. H., a Friend to Free	
to Free Discussion	1 6	Discussion, from Ri-	
Do. do.	0 6	ponden	0 6
A Lover of Christianity,		A. B. Mechanicus	0 6
because Sunday is a		James Crabtree, who has	
Holy day	0 3	often been called an	
D. M.	0 6	Infidel by fanatics;	

but thinks it an honourable name; for he has known a Priest to be both Sodomite and Swindler	1	0	C. Common Sense	0	6
Jonas Crabtree	1	6	J. Brierly	0	6
Abel Hellowell, a Friend to Discussion, at Elland	2	6	Joseph Chew	2	6
Joseph Hanson, do.	2	6	Joseph Moore, Jun.	2	0
Abraham Hanson, do.	0	6	Joseph Moore, Sen.	2	0
Joseph Ingham, do.	2	6	James Moore	2	0
George Archilage, do.	0	6	Isaac Moore	0	6
William Firth, do.	0	6	James Sharp	1	0
Thomas Holstead, do.	0	6	Joseph Allen, a Republican	1	5
Samuel Holstead, do.	0	6	John Allen, a Republican	1	0
Joseph Holstead, do.	0	6	R. E., a Friend to Truth and Free Discussion	1	0
James Holstead, do.	1	0	C. T., do.	1	0
Robert Holstead, do.	0	6	John Murgetroyd	1	0
John Robertshaw, do.	1	0	X. Y. Z., a Friend to Free Discussion	2	6
L. Pitt, Heighley, do.	1	0	Mymite to a good cause	2	0
Joseph Key, do.	1	0	J. B., a Friend to Truth	2	0
William Hanson, do.	1	0	Samuel Parker	1	0
Samuel Holstead, Jun. do.	0	6	Robert Wilkinson	1	0
			Mark Welsh	0	6

TO MR. JAMES GREEN, HALIFAX.

CITIZEN,

Dorchester Gaol, July 6, 1824

AFTER thanking those good friends, in Halifax and its neighbourhood, who are neither afraid nor ashamed to trust their notions of truth to the test of free discussion, I have also to congratulate them on our renewed triumph. It is now evident that we can beat the Christians at prosecutions; and I am informed that the whole gang in power are right sick of what they have been so long doing, and doing to their more speedy and more complete discomfiture. The moment it was seen that we had little companies of men rushing from the country to defy prosecutions, they ceased to arrest; so that, the greatest punishment and dissatisfaction on our part has been, that so many have been disappointed in the honour of a prosecution, and have to return to the country after a journey to no purpose, for the want of perseverance in the enemy. I have not a doubt, but that I can bring more

men and women into my shop, to defy these Christian prosecutions, than all the lawers in the country would find time to prosecute. The system of prosecution would go on to make new converts, until there was not a disinterested Christian left; and the number to stand prosecution would increase in the ratio, of two or more, to one of the prosecuted. This has been the case hitherto. The men in Newgate, who have but six months imprisonment to fill out, are neither so happy, nor in such good spirits, as those who were sentenced to three years: and count their months of imprisonment as you would suppose they would count sovereigns, had they been so unequally distributed for an equally good conduct. There have been no arrests since the end of May, though they were so rapid in the last three weeks of that month. I cannot see with what consistency a Government can renew such prosecutions at intervals, and after long cessations. They ought to go right on and prosecute all, or none. Is it not abominable that I should suffer five years imprisonment for the sale of books which have been on sale, almost every hour that I have been, in prison? What law, what justice, what utility can there be in such prosecutions? If the Christians cannot stay the sale of those books, (and they cannot,) why is any person imprisoned? to what gain on their part? No persons see their own faults and characters in a true light; but the future historian will see the Government of this country at this moment to be most contemptible of all that have infested it. Here is a Canning, a wit and a scholar, combatting with fury and vengeance a few mechanics, whose only crime is a desire to obtain and communicate knowledge. Here is a Peel, taken from the cotton factory and made a minister, waging a malignant war with all his fellow cotton spinners and weavers; because they have more knowledge and honesty than the members of that foul aristocracy, amongst whom he desires to rank, losing sight of his father and the cotton mills. Here is a Scott, an Eldon, who has changed the coal sack for the wool sack, afraid that his old companions will overthrow that craft by which he has accumulated such vast riches, and spoil all his idols. Here is a whole body of religious men, with all the powers of absolute Government, boasting of the protection of omnipotence, and trembling with terror at what they designate, in the most contemptuous manner, as impotence and wickedness itself! In coming into contact with, and triumphing over such men, such a religion, such a Government, what ought to be our pride, our consequence, our dig-

nity, our importance, and our self approbation? Unbounded. In expressing contempt for Eldon and Peel, I have been told, that we cannot feel contempt for men who have so much power over us. This has been laid before me as the saying of a philosopher; but I cannot feel it to be sound; for though these men have power over me, they exercise it with so much meanness, so much littleness of mind and purpose, that, in spite of my will, I can feel nothing but contempt for them. True contempt is felt by the virtuous man when injured, oppressed, conquered: that is a base and ineffectual contempt, which such a conqueror might express for such a conquered man. Real and powerful contempt can only be felt by greatness of mind without power, towards littleness of mind with power. The reverse of the case must be *pity*—cannot be *contempt*. Greatness of mind with power, cannot feel contempt for littleness of mind without power.

Yours, with contempt for Eldon, Peel, and Canning.

RICHARD CARLILE.

TO THE REVEREND H. S. COTTON, D. D.
CHAPLAIN OF NEWGATE.

LETTER I.

REVEREND SIR,
Newgate, July 9, 1824, of a declining superstition.
ACCORDING to your request, I have given Archbishop Secker's Lectures, a "calm and serious" perusal, and more particularly the sixth, ON THE BEING OF A GOD, which you are pleased to style, "excellent and admirable;" and, on which, according to your desire, I shall make a few remarks.

No book, lecture, or piece of writing, on an argumentative subject deserves, in my opinion, to be styled "excellent and admirable," except the object of the author, and the tendency of the work be to elucidate truth. In the present instance, whether the author considered himself to be writing for the support of truth, or to support his own easy and profitable trade, I will not presume to say (there may have been such a thing as a conscientious Archbishop, though I believe but rarely;) but the avowed object, or tendency of

these lectures is, to support a false system of theology—to impose a gross and absurd book, written by illiterate men prompted either by superstition or knavery, on the unthinking mass of society, as the work of an almighty and infallible power—and, to encourage adherence to a useless, mischievous, degrading, and superstitious system of worship—useless, as it procures no one benefit to the great body of worshippers—mischievous, as it occupies and wastes a great deal of valuable time—degrading, as it lays prostrate man, the possessor of the highest known state of intelligence—and, superstitious, as the object of their worship is but the phantom of their own distempered brains. If such a book, or such an author deserves to be styled “excellent and admirable;” vicious conduct deserves to be styled virtuous and praiseworthy. To you, Sir, who, for aught I know to the contrary, *may be* a sincere believer, this picture of the Christian religion may appear rather harsh; but I can assure you, that when I look round on the miseries it has entailed on mankind, no language seems to me sufficiently strong to mark its detestable character. But you will perhaps ask me, whether the conscientious supporter is to be, or deserves to be, blamed for the defects in the system, or the unavoidable consequences arising therefrom? I answer, that, to a certainty he is blameable. Every man, before he gives his strenuous support to any particular system or doctrine should be convinced that it will conduce to the benefit of his fellow men. But, what man can look back on the history of the Christian religion, and say that it has been, or is likely to be, a benefit to mankind? Bloody massacres, and cruel and unrelenting persecutions have ever been the prominent features of the times, when the supporters of Christianity have obtained power; my present situation is proof positive, that the same spirit of intolerance and persecution as governed the Christians of old is afloat amongst the Christians of the present day; and no Christian, either Clergyman or layman, deserves to be exempted from the general charge, till he publicly avows a love of truth and free discussion, and an unqualified detestation of all persecution for matters of opinion.

The Archbishop opens his sixth lecture with a sentence which I shall not dispute: that “the foundation of all religion is faith in God;” but I will add one equally true, that the foundation of all belief in a God, is *ignorance*: it is man’s ignorance of the natural causes of the phenomena

which surround him, which leads him to attribute them to a supernatural being. As men increase their knowledge of natural causes and effects, they see less and less need of a supernatural agent. Phenomena, once as mysterious as the now mysterious production of animalcula in apparently pure water, are now, by the researches of men, traced to their primary causes, and demonstrated in so plain and simple a manner, as to be comprehensible even to the most careless enquirer; and as men advance further and further in their researches into nature and visible phenomena, the idea of a supernatural, superintending being, or God, will be abandoned. He continues: "With this article therefore our creed begins; and as all the rest are built upon it," *mark this*, "so the truth and certainty of it is plain to every man." Fine logic truly! Excellent and admirable for an Archbishop! What! if eleven lies be built upon one lie, then, that one lie must be true and be a voucher for the truth of all the others? Fine logic indeed! And after having laid such an "excellent" foundation, who can doubt but that he has created an "admirable" fabric upon it, "how unlikely soever some men would have been to discover it of themselves." Rather unlikely that a man should discover one lie to be true because another was proposed; Ah! but then, "duly proposed." Ah, now I have hit it; as the assertion true or false was "duly proposed" by an Archbishop, so the truth and certainty of it is, must be; or a prison for your unbelief "plain to every man." Now for a little more of the Archbishop's admirable logic. "We know beyond a possibility of doubt, that we now are: (wonderful!) and yet the oldest of us but a few years ago was not. (Astonishing!) How then came we to be?" A query which I should thank you, Sir, or any other man to resolve for me. But, recollect, Sir, meanly crying out, "Oh! the wonderful works of God!" will not do. I find the word *God* is only another name for ignorance; we never make use of the word *God*, or refer to a supernatural being till we discover our own inability, or want of knowledge to explain what is natural, except in the case of the priests, who, by thus working on the ignorance and superstition of the multitude, are enabled to support a trade (I beg pardon, a profession) easy and comfortable to themselves but useless, costly, and mischievous to the rest of society. But more on this posing question by and by.

The Archbishop says, that "there is strong evidence, that the present frame of things is not more than about 6000 years

old; and that none of us here present are 150 generations from our first parents." But where is this strong evidence to be found? Does the present appearance of things favour such a conclusion? I answer, no; but, on the contrary, it proves such a conclusion to be, not only totally devoid of foundation, but a complete absurdity. The mountains of salt discovered in Asia would give the lie to any one who should state that the earth has not been in being 60,000 years, instead of 6000. It would not only be a waste of time and paper on my part, but it would be an insult to you, were I to bring forward a long string of arguments on such a question; for, surely, in the present advanced state of knowledge, there cannot be a man ranking higher than a day labourer, so ignorant of geology as to believe in the Bible account of the creation? No; the belief in such a tale, like the belief in witchcraft, must be confined to the most ignorant and illiterate of mankind; although interest may induce many of higher rank outwardly to support it. The evidence as to the few generations of mankind is equally fallacious. The Chinese, a people much more to be depended upon, than the insignificant people whose history and cosmogony the Archbishop has attempted to support, have records of their own nation of 15,000 years standing; during which there must have been at least 500 generations. The Archbishop would persuade us, that the small number of mankind is a clear proof that they have not existed many years on the earth. "If," says he, "it be said, that universal deluges may perhaps have destroyed almost all the race of men, and so made that seem a new beginning which was not, we answer, that one such deluge we own; but that no such can possibly happen according to the common course of nature; consequently this proves a higher power, instead of destroying the proof of it." For my part, I never heard a universal deluge proposed as an argument; and I fully agree with the Bishop, that no such event can possibly happen according to the common course of nature. But if it cannot happen according to the common course of nature, it cannot happen at all; and there is not the least shadow of proof that ever such an event has happened; so that *his owning* one such deluge does not in the least prop his supernatural, designing, higher power. Bring forward proofs that there has been a universal flood, before you can expect that any weight of argument will be attached to the mere Bible account of such an event. There have been, no doubt, many partial deluges which have destroyed great numbers of mankind; and the traditionary ac-

counts of such events, emanating perhaps from a few scattered and affrighted survivors, and distorted and exaggerated by every succeeding generation, may, at last, have formed the idea of a universal flood. But is it to floods alone we are to look for causes sufficient not only to destroy the face of nature, but also the whole, or nearly of animal and vegetable life? Does not the examination of the face of the earth, and that part of it which we are enabled to penetrate, sufficiently prove, that it has undergone revolutions by far more terrible than what could be occasioned by a flood? The petrified and deeply buried remains of animal life, together with the great quantity of the remains of vegetable matter, found at such an immense depth below the surface, demonstratively prove, that the earth has not always had the face it at present wears. This not only gives a reason for the small number of mankind, but destroys the Bishop's succeeding arguments, when he says, that the present appearance of the earth proves that it could not be from eternity. They who have well thought of these matters, says the Bishop, will know and confess, that the present constitution of the heavens and the earth, both must have had a beginning, and must of itself come to an end. If the Bishop means only the appearance, I agree with him; but if he means that there was a time when the component parts of this earth were not, and that there will be a time when they shall again be nothing, I widely differ from him; and so must every man who reasons rightly on the subject. It is proved to a certainty that they cannot be annihilated; and what cannot be annihilated, we cannot conceive to have had a beginning. For fear of becoming tiresome by troubling you with too long a letter at first, I shall for the present, conclude, and resume the subject, when I have leisure, on some future day.

RICHARD HASSEL.

P. S. I do not doubt your good intention, Sir, in the selection of books you have sent me and my fellow prisoners, viz. four Bibles, four Common Prayer-books, and four of Watson's Apology for the Bible; but I doubt whether you have not conceived a very erroneous opinion, or been sadly misinformed, as to our real character. Do you think, Sir, that men who have left their families, their friends, and their homes, and placed themselves in the way of persecution, at a time when years of solitary confinement was the almost certain result of such a line of conduct, and all for the support

of anti-Christian principles; do you think, Sir, that such men are not acquainted with the Bible? Must you not rather think, that before men would go to this length in support of their opinions, they must be well acquainted with all that can be said both for and against them? Or do you think, with the Sheriff Whitaker, that we are an ignorant, illiterate set of vagabonds, who entered Mr. Carlile's shop merely for profit? If so, and you will grant me half an hour's conversation, I am confident of being able to convince you to the contrary. Speaking for myself, I can assure you I have given the Bible far more attention than I think it deserves: once read and examined with an unprejudiced mind, it sinks too low in the reader's estimation, ever to obtain a second serious perusal. The prayers are still more useless, as I never pray: my most idle moments are better occupied than they would be at prayers. The Apology for the Bible I long since perused, and I consider it, as all attempts of the kind must be, a complete failure. If, Sir, you could grant me the loan of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or any useful history, or scientific work, I should feel obliged to you; but was I to thank you for the gift of the books we have already received, it would be but hypocrisy, it would be an outward show of thankfulness not felt.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT has occurred to me that I may perhaps mislead the readers of the Republican, by the use I have made of a certain Greek word in my first Dialogue. I think it therefore a matter of candour to state, that my only authority for this application of the word, is that the epithet is applied by Orpheus to Misé, and that the character of Christ exhibits a total want of amateness. As to the rest of the Dialogue, it is founded upon quotations from a variety of authors, cited by Voltaire, &c.

I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,

THE AUTHOR OF THE THEOLOGICAL DIALOGUES.

TO THE REVEREND JOHN DAVIS, VICAR OF CERNE.

REVEREND SIR,

Newgate, July 23, 1824.

It is often said, and in many cases justly, that the formation of new acquaintances causes us to forget the old; and the common saying of "out of sight out of mind," is too often verified. But, Sir, as regards you and me, I can on my part, assure you that it is not so in the present instance; on the contrary, my old spiritual pastor as often occupies my thoughts as any person I know, and the recollection of our past acquaintance affords me so much pleasure, that I shall not allow trifling circumstances to put an end to it.

You are perhaps, Sir, not aware, how very instrumental you have been in conducing to that high state of happiness and ease of mind with which I am at present so profusely gifted; nor how much you have done towards obtaining for me such distinguished marks of the friendship and esteem of the honest and well informed part of mankind, as I am now continually receiving. But, as all praise should fall where it is due, and in order to give you your rightful share of it, I beg to lay before you a brief history, of my escape from the trammels of priestcraft and superstition, and of my adoption of anti-religious principles.

To the best of my recollection, you became Vicar of Cerne about the year 1810. At that time I was too young to notice whether it was a new doctrine held forth or the old continued, or whether it was true or false; but as I increased in years and heard my elders speaking of the wide difference between the doctrines of the new Vicar and those of the old, (being naturally, for I know not else how it should be, of a reflecting and inquisitive turn of mind) I began to think, that, if the old Vicar taught one set of doctrines, and the new Vicar another, one of the two must be wrong, and, that consequently, it would be no bad speculation to find out which was right. From this philosophizing temper, which you can see was evidently occasioned by your new doctrines, I date my first step toward that high degree of intellectual freedom which I at present enjoy, and which you have been the means of accelerating at every successive step I have taken. I had not proceeded far in my enquiry, before I perceived, that, instead of being likely to remove the difficulty, every succeeding step increased it; for, instead of having to decide between only two different doctrines, I found as many score, equally claiming my attention. It is needless to tell you, which I inclined to at one time, or which at another, or what I disliked, or what I approved amongst the numerous tenets; suffice it for you to know, that I decided on none. After remaining some time in this uncomfortable state of inquietude, with no fixed principle for or against

Christianity, I happened to fall into company with an Atheist*, and heard for the first time, an argument against the existence of a supernatural being. I must own, although no Christian at the time, further than being brought up in a Christian family, that, at first, I felt shocked at such an opinion. Yet, Sir, I never after lost sight of it, and, unlike my previous reasoning on the Christian sects, the more I reasoned, the more reasonable did it appear. I am now well convinced, that no one who examined the question as to the existence or non-existence of a supernatural being, candidly, with an unprejudiced mind, and a desire to decide on the side of truth, be it which it may, ever arrived at a different conclusion. I embraced every opportunity of reading and studying scientific subjects, and, as I proceeded, I became more and more convinced of the correctness of atheistical principles, and the absurdity of every thing in the shape of religion. This brings me to the most eventful period of my past life, as it drew me forth an open and strenuous supporter of those opinions, of which, before, I was but an humble and silent admirer. Up to this time, the fear of being censured by my neighbours, and having no particular aim to gratify by acting to the contrary, had induced me to confine my sentiments to my own breast; but when I heard, that you were making attempts to convert Mr. Carlile, (whom although then unknown to me, I respected for his principles,) I determined no longer to lie dormant, but, by paying Mr. Carlile a visit, convince him, that if Cerne produced an officious Vicar, it could likewise produce a warm friend. What passed after this visit up to the time I left home for London, I shall endeavour to be brief in describing. You were the first to learn, and to publish his step to my neighbours, with the hopes, no doubt, that it would deter me from again visiting Mr. C. or professing those opinions which you said it was evident I believed in. Had you gone no farther than this, it is not likely my name would have been before the public; but when you attempted, by every means in your power, (and there were not a few,) to deprive me of my friends, and, of the countenance of my neighbours, by stating that I was a corrupt and dangerous member of society, I was compelled to step forward in my own defence; and having once entered the lists, my pride would not allow me to retreat. Feeling the benefit of the very small stock of knowledge I then possessed, in aiding me to defend my principles, my spare time was now principally occupied in mak-

* The priests propagate many doctrines which they erroneously call atheistical creeds; I disclaim all such: the whole that I understand by the word *atheist*, as regards opinions, is, *a person who denies the existence of a supernatural power under the the name of God*. Under the above definition I own, that *I am an Atheist*; and, if belief comes from conviction alone, *every man is as much an Atheist as myself*.

ing additions to it; not forgetting you at times, as you well know. Nor can I tax you with forgetting me; for, what with sermons and prayers for my conversion, it seems that I occupied some considerable portion of your attention. At any rate I can assure you, I obtained more useful knowledge in six months, than, without your invigorating opposition, I should have obtained in seven years.

It may not be improper here to remark, how much the anti-Christian cause owes its present flourishing condition to this general spirit of opposition. This spirit, so evidently manifested by the priests, has been almost the sole cause of its present existence: for although here and there, by deep philosophical studies, a few individuals might have become Atheists, it never would have arrived at a tythe of its present prosperity, but for opposition*. It was opposition made Mr. Carlile, what he at present is, the most powerful Anti-Christian writer that ever existed. But for opposition, he might have conducted business, unknown but to a few friends, and his genius and ability would have remained dormant for want of circumstances to bring them into action; whereas, now, his name has resounded throughout the kingdom, the thinking part of society have become proselytes to his principles, and every liberal mind commends his conduct and sympathizes with his fate. It is opposition which hath drawn forth the numerous and able body of correspondents, whose shining genius and ability has so conspicuously shone forth in the pages of the Republican—genius and ability which, but for opposition, might have been lost to mankind, or, at farthest, confined to a small circle of friends. It was the opposition to be met, that stimulated the “noble army of martyrs” who preceeded me, to make such a noble and effectual stand, so ably to support, and so extensively to promulgate their principles. I repeat it again, it was your individual opposition that occasioned me to become an open and strenuous supporter of anti-Christian principles; and I believe I may add, without vanity, that I have not laboured in vain.

Before the last series of prosecutions commenced, from seeing the good effects resulting from an open, honest, and manly defence of our principles, and thinking myself capable of making such a defence, together with the knowledge that I should obtain by it, I stated to Mr. Carlile, not only a willingness, but an earnest wish, that in case of any more prosecutions, he would dispose of my services. This he consented to do; and I no sooner heard of the recommencement of the prosecutions, than I prepared to set off for the scene of action. And here, Sir, I would beg pardon for my neglect in not acquainting you with my intentions, and in not congratulating you on the prospect you had of being able to hold forth

* I make use of the word *opposition* as being a milder term than *persecution*; but in my vocabulary, when speaking of the PRIESTS, the words are synonymous.

your doctrines from the pulpit, and to preach against infidel principles, without the danger of calling into action a mind, which though young and weak of itself, had proved, when directed against you, but too powerful. Arrived on the field of battle, I began like my predecessors to wield that terrible weapon against priestcraft, the "Age of Reason." The first shaft of the enemy was an arrest. On Friday May 28, I was taken to the Guildhall, charged with publishing the Age of Reason, and was committed to take trial at the Sessions, commencing on the following Wednesday. I was now in my glory; the time I had often wished for was now nearly arrived; and the few days I had to spare before trial, was busily occupied in preparing my defence. At last the day arrived which was to decide whether I deserved to rank amongst the supporters of truth, or to be decried as a presumptuous aspirant for honours which I had not the merit to obtain. It is needless to describe what passed on that day, as you have doubtless seen the accounts long ere this; it suffices, to satisfy my vanity, and reward your spiritual care, to know, that the bigoted, intolerant, and Christian-like Recorder, Knowlys, considered me worthy of two years imprisonment, i. e. *two years of useful schooling*, which I can assure you, I shall not throw away.

Thus you see, Sir, how, from very small beginnings, with your aid, I have been enabled to arrive so near the pinnacle of my hopes: I have already had the honour of standing forth as a defender of the noblest and best of principles, for which I am daily receiving the thanks of my fellow countrymen; and, what to me is even more valuable, am placed in a situation where I am daily adding to my stock of knowledge; so that, before my two years are expired, I may fairly count on being, not only a match for the Vicar of Cerne, but for every clergymen in the kingdom; and you may depend on it, Sir, I shall not fail to essay my strength, whenever I have an opportunity.

One day, since I have been here, as I sat musing (you must know, Sir, I am very fond of musing) on what had passed between you and me, I was powerfully struck with the likeness it bore to a fable I had somewhere heard of or seen, when a child. To the best of my recollection, the fable ran thus: one day, two game cocks, both claiming the supremacy of the yard, first came to words and then to blows upon the subject. At first, the battle was sharply contested, and it was difficult to decide which had the advantage. The Old Cock (you see, Sir, how well this agrees with our case) from his long experience and well known progress in the spurring art, at first seemed to be a match for all the resolution and address of his young antagonist; but the young aspirant would not so easily be put down, and renewing his attack on all points with redoubled fury, at last drove the Old Cock with disgrace from the yard, over which he had so long held the mastership. (Observe, Sir, how admirably this applies.) The Old Cock, not half liking this

defeat, slunk away to a corner, and was forced to content himself with now and then raising a feeble crow in his place of concealment, which, though it could not mend his own case, he thought might embitter the laurels of his vanquisher. (Observe, again, Sir, exactly your case! Now for mine.) The Young Cock, after struggling up and down with all the self-sufficiency and pride generally attendant on early acquired laurels, mounted to the top of a high wall, to proclaim his past victory, and to arouse those neighbouring Cocks which had not hitherto proved his prowess; when lo! a voracious Eagle which had long hovered over the spot, seized the precious moment, darted on its prey, and bore it off triumphantly through the air. The Old Cock, who from his hiding place had been an eyewitness of this transaction, again issued forth among his old acquaintance and former companions, attempted to forget that he had ever been vanquished, strutted about with great assurance, and again gallanted the Hens with all the ardour and spirit imaginable. Thus, Sir, ends the fable; but not so in our case: for instance, it is not said that the Young Cock ever came back to renew the contest while, I am about to renew *our contest* with more vigour than ever, and, from my increased knowledge, I believe you will find me a still more troublesome customer than before. As this letter may perhaps meet the eye of many of my fellow countrymen, who are ignorant of the powerful causes which could prompt me to forego every other consideration to support my principles, I shall attempt to explain these principles; and then, after drawing the attention of my countrymen to the different motives which prompted you to oppose me, the difference of our doctrines, and their effects on the happiness of mankind, I shall call on them to decide who is most worthy of their approbation and support.

It is true, as I have before said, that your opposition was the first and principal stimulus; yet can it be supposed, that that of itself could have prompted me to exchange my friends, my home, and the pleasures of society, for the dull, dreary, and never-changing scenes of a prison? No: I could have conducted my opposition against you more effectually with all these comforts around me. Then let us look for other and more powerful causes. I felt the happiness and ease attendant on a mind clearly rid of all superstitious notions, all fear of supernatural beings; I clearly saw, that it required but a candid and impartial examination, to bring every man into this desirable state; I found that prejudice was the greatest bar to this examination; and I also found that the best means of removing prejudice was a bold and honest defence of our principles. I likewise conceived it to be the bounden duty of every honest man, to defend and propagate those opinions which experience taught him would be most beneficial to mankind in general, and to decry those of a contrary tendency; I found, not only by my own feelings, but from actual experience

and observation on those of other persons, that all systems of religion *are of an evil tendency*, and that atheistical opinions and sound moral principles are alone calculated to obtain for man that share of happiness which he is capable of enjoying. Whe therefore I saw the strong arm of power in array against those principles, and attempting to crush freedom of thought and expression, I embraced the favourable opportunity of DOING MY DUTY. These, Sir, are causes sufficient to direct any honest man, placed under similar circumstances, to follow the same line of conduct as I have.

It may be said, that those who step forward to support Mr. Carlile are influenced by the man, not by the principles which he advocates. That such a notion may prevail with the great body of Christians is quite natural. Being themselves directed and governed by a priest, of whose opinions and principles they know nothing, and whom they implicitly follow, without being able to give any other reason for so doing, than that he has commanded it, it is not surprising that they should consider others to be as easily led as themselves. But, Sir, let me assure you, that no such thing can possibly happen: no man can be an Atheist but from self-conviction; and I cannot conceive that a man would support atheistical principles, under such circumstances as they have been hitherto supported, unless himself an Atheist. Speaking for myself, I have as great a partiality for Mr. Carlile as for any man I know; yet that would not have induced me to subject myself to years of imprisonment in the support of an opinion, if that opinion had not been congenial with my own. In too many instances for the happiness of mankind, the great mass of the people are led away by a designing few. These men endowed with a greater share of knowledge and craftiness make use of it to mislead their unsuspecting fellow citizens who are thus led on to ruin, while the leaders are revelling on the spoils obtained by their duplicity. But not so in our case: every man who supports our opinions and the line of conduct we pursue, is supposed to have an equal knowledge, (at least according to his capability of obtaining it) of those opinions, and of the ends we propose to gain by supporting them. He consequently, feels an equal interest as to the issue.

Now, Sir, we will examine what could have been your motives. It was not a love of truth; for had you been guided by a desire of elucidating truth and exposing falsehood, you would not so shabbily have given up the contest—you would not have allowed the question to rest, until you had either satisfied me of my error, or had been convinced of your own. You sent me Bishop Watson's "Apology for the Bible;" so far good; I returned you Dr. Francis's answer, and the "Doubts of Infidels," why did you not answer these? Why leave me to say, that you could not? Why allow me such strong proof, that you valued not whether your doctrine were true or false, so that your parishioners were

led to believe it? It was not a desire to improve the condition and happiness of mankind; for you well knew, that we charged Christianity with being the greatest curse that ever befel the human race. If you had considered it to be a blessing, instead of a curse, you would have endeavoured so to make it appear, by bringing forward proofs to that effect; instead of which you hied to the pulpit, and thus entrenched to the chin, in a position where you knew your opponent could not assail you in return, you thundered forth about the horrors and absurdities of infidel principles, in a tone, which before your humble servant, would have been as soft, aye, as soft as the soft and cringing tones of your soft-pated followers. It was not out of pure love for religion; for your religion commends you to examine and prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good. You refused to examine, you spurned proof, and you stuck tenaciously to your old system, right or wrong, good or bad. It was not a love of justice; for justice did not demand you to attempt to injure me by every means in your power, and to style me a corrupt and dangerous member of society, merely because I differed from you in opinion. Where then shall we look for your motives? Could the fear of losing so trifling a sum, as about eight hundred pounds per annum, in the least sway your upright mind—a mind which you so often boast of, as being so clearly rid, so entirely free from all earthly pursuits, and so completely weaned from all sublunary things, as not to leave a wish behind*? Was there any thing like the thought of a future deanery or bishopric in your head at the time, or of getting two or three sons presented with (I beg pardon, called by the Holy Ghost to fill) vacant vicarages? Was there nothing like fear of losing that little petty authority, which you had partly usurped, and partly obtained with your magisterial office, and of which I know you to be very fond? Was there nothing like a fear of exposure in the first place, and revenge when those fears were realized? Can you plead “not guilty” to all

* Love, to be sure, is not a sublunary matter; it is heavenly—truly angelic! The Vicar lately lost a wife, who had been the mother of a fine family of children to him; and some of the saints, to their great surprise, (if any thing can surprize them,) heard of the death of the one, and of the courtship of another, almost as one piece of news!

His Reverence was absolutely overseen by a neighbour, in the act of gallanting with a maid, in a bower in his garden. Words were exchanged, and the Vicar begged of the neighbour not to say any thing about what he had seen. But the tale has been on the wing. This is the man who has not an earthly affection! Oh! Rank and damnable hypocrisy!

R. C.

these different charges? or am not I more correct when I say, that they combined to make you a persecutor of every thing in the shape of liberal principles? Aye, do not start, Sir, a persecutor, to the utmost of your power, of every man who should dare to say he had a right to think and act for himself. You did not persuade my neighbours that I was a corrupt and dangerous member of society: in that respect, I was too well known; but you did your best, you attempted it. You did not put your laws in force against me, why? because fear prevented you. You threatened, and that was all you dared to do.

It is allowed on all sides, that happiness is the principal thing to be desired, and that that man who obtains for his fellow creatures, or directs them how to obtain, the greatest share, deserves the greatest share of their esteem and approbation. The Atheist teacheth his fellow man what he really is, what his relations are, and in what manner he is affected by them; points out to him in what his happiness consists, and the method of obtaining it; draws his attention to tangible objects, instead of visionary theories; convinces him of his real state, both here, and hereafter, instead of flattering him with false hopes. In short, he makes his fellow-men rational and happy, instead of irrational and miserable. The Christian Priest, on the contrary, teacheth his followers to disbelieve even their own senses, and to believe themselves any thing but what they really are; describes to them relations which have no existence, and by directing their attention to those visions, causes them to lose sight of those true relations which could alone conduce to their happiness; he teacheth them to despise pleasure in this world, in order to obtain it in a world they will never reach; his doctrines debase their mind, his domineering spirit subjects them to his tyrannical sway, his avarice robs them of their wealth, and his cunning and sanctity prevent them from discovering the imposture. It is between these opposite systems, I would now call on every man to decide: and, on this decision, if given after an impartial and careful examination of the subject, I am willing to rest my claim to the friendship of my fellow-men, them I would thus address. **THE PRIESTS** tell you, that Christianity is founded on truth, yet they forbid you to examine it; **WE** tell you that Christianity is founded on falsehood and imposture, and we call on you to examine it, to examine what we have to say against it, and judge between us. *Mark this: THE CHRISTIAN SHUNS EXAMINATION; THE ATHEIST COURTS IT.* Throw aside then, my friends, those prejudices, which prevent you from examining a matter so closely connected with your happiness. Bear in mind, that truth cannot suffer by being brought to light, but on the contrary, shines with the greater splendour. If Christianity, when examined, should prove to be true, you will lose nothing by the examination; if found to be false, consider the advantages you will derive from discarding it.

As this letter is already spun out to a greater length than I at first intended, I shall defer what other remarks I have to make to some future day. In the mean time, Sir, be assured that you shall never be forgotten—never be neglected by

RICHARD HASSELL.

THE BATTLE,
TRUTH AND REASON, AGAINST FALSEHOOD AND
POWER.

STILL the battle fiercely rages,
Fiercely through the gloomy night,
With its varied horrors wages
War against the glorious light!

Fiercely fight the sons of error,
(Though success their standard shuns)
Yet they never shall strike terror,
In the breast of reason's sons.

Reason's dawn they fain would stifle,
Fain they'd force it from our shore,
That our pockets they might rifle,
And increase their stolen store.

But its flame, so warmly glowing
In the breasts of those oppress'd,
That its progress, ever flowing,
Ne'er can be by force suppress'd.

Will they, then, with arts dissembling,
Still pursue those foolish wars?
Yes—but 'tis with "fear and trembling,"
Tho' arm'd with dungeons, bolts, and bars.

Onward, then, ye sons of reason,
To the field of battle rush;
EIGHTY FOUR*, ("the Mart of Treason")
Is the field, so thither push.

J. B.

* 84, Fleet Street.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN.

CITIZEN,

Sheffield, July 5, 1824.

LOOKING over an old "Analytical Review," the other day, I met with a review of the work entitled "Rights of Man," part second. Where, after quoting largely, and making some lengthy observations, the reviewer concludes in the following manner. "And now courteous reader, we leave Mr. Paine entirely at thy mercy. What wilt thou say of him? Wilt thou address him: 'Thou art a troubler of privileged orders, we will tar and feather thee; the nobles abhor thee, and kings think thee mad,' or wilt thou rather put on thy spectacles, study Mr. Paine's physiognomy, purchase his portait, hang it over thy chimney piece, and pointing to it, say: 'This is no common man. This is THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.'"

If you think this tribute to the worth of our immortal countryman, deserving a corner in "The Republican," it may gratify many to see, how Paine was spoken of in his own day, and it will gratify none more than

Yours, truly,

W. V. H.

NOTICE.

IN consequence of the scarcity of sets of "The Republican," we return to the full price. Nos. 1, and 3, Vol. 1, No. 20, Vol. 8, and Nos. 1, and 10, Vol. 9, are much wanted, and will be gladly taken back from any one, at the price given for them, or in exchange for other numbers, or for other articles.

Subscriptions received 84, Fleet Street.

Mr. Hattersly	7 0	Do. for Mrs. Wright	1 0
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